

J. H. Raystun
Britannia's Tears:

**A
SATYRICAL DIRGE
By way of a
LAMENTATION
ON THE
Deplorable Death of Her late Gracious
MAJESTY
QUEEN ANNE,
OF
BLESSED MEMORY:**

And as a
C H A S T I S E M E N T
To all Her *Merry Mourners.*

Infandum Regina jubes renovare dolorem. Virg.

D U B L I N:
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IN RESPONSE TO A RESOLUTION

PASSED BY THE SENATE

ON THE 11TH DAY OF

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Britannia's Tears:

FOR THE

Deplorable Loss of Her late Majesty

QUEEN ANNE.

THE Gleamy Morn had scarcely shook off Night,
And dress'd her Dusky Rays with Virgin Light:
But soon a Low'ring Fate the Isle o'er-spread,
And sad Confusion gloom'd on ev'ry Head.

The Ecchoing Void, seem'd all around, Distress'd,
And in Redoubling Sighs a Change confess'd.
'Twere needless then, the Mournful Cause, to seek;
The Nations Loss was Writ on e'ery Cheek.
Deep in our Hearts, Indented Grief took place,
Swail'd ev'ry Eye, and Furrow'd ev'ry Face.
But most of all, Great *Albion's Genius*, Mourn'd;
The Dreadful Shock had all her Schemes o'return'd.

In *Locrine's* Bow'r, the Residence of Grief,
The Hopeless *Goddeſs* gave her Woes relief.
Loud to the List'ning Herds, in Groans express'd
The Boundless Anguish of her Throbbing Breast:

And when her Throes abated by Degrees,
Her Fault'ring Tongue Address'd the Silent Trees.

Bend down your Skreening Heads, the Fair one, cry'd,
And in your Platted Folds my Sorrows hide.
Inclose a Wretch, amidst your Damps of Woe,
And no Consoling Glimps of Comfort show.
Hide me, from Fawning Crowds and Faction's Courts
Where only Base Ingratitude resorts.
Ne'er let me View the Doubtful *Janus* Face
Of Flatt'ring Statesman, cringing for a Place;
Like Supple Spaniel, licking *Royal Feet*
To juggle others from Ambitions Seat.
Shield me from Party Storms, first rais'd by Lies;
From Groundless Fears, and Artful Jealousies.
Ward me from Traytor's Smiles, and Patriot's Frowns;
And all Politick Wiles that torture Crowns.
Shut me from Vain Applause and Pop'lar Noise;
From Glitt'ring Triumphs and Destructive Joys.
Extended here, to Earth's Cold Breast I'll grow,
And bear the Deadly Weight of Mortal Woe.
Wound with Continual Cries th' Astonish'd Air,
And make each *Atom* my Destruction Share.

Relentless Fates! you wou'd not hear my Plaint!
Nor to a begging Supplyant Mercy Grant;
But fix'd and steady, as your Great Commands.
Deny'd these Bended Knees, and these Imploring Hands.
Regardless heard me Moan and Sigh in vain,
And tell my Mis'ry in a Dying Strain.

BRITANNIA's Tears.

5

Too Rigid Powers! had I not Cause to Mourn;
 To fluce these Fountains, and to drein each Urn?
 Cou'd any Clime be rob'd of so much Blifs?
 Cou'd any Heart sustain a Loss like this?
 Tell me thou Sea, that round my Shores dost lave,
 Did e'er thy Bell'wing Surge so justly rave?
 Did e'er thy Shelfy Coast, or Promontories steep,
 Tempt a Forlorn, like me, to Plunge the Deep?
 Tell me ye Feather'd Kind that cloud the Air,
 And often with you gather'd Flocks presage Despair,
 Did your Ill-Omend Flights, till now, explore
 To Human kind such Baneful Woes before?
 Ye Sylvan Race, to Blood and Slaughter prone!
 Were not you mov'd to hear a Goddess moan?
 Felt not your Rage unknown Compassion then,
 When you forsook your Prey and sought your Den?
 Cou'd Brutes be touch'd with Sympathizing Woe,
 And Savage Man alone no Softness know?
 Hear me thou Tomb! that op'd thy Rav'nous Jaws
 To seize the Lovely'st Prize that ever was;
 Falsly thy *Niobe*an Drops were Shed;
 Thou Weep'st the same for ev'ry Corps inlaid:
 But woud'st thou then, have shewn thy Melting Fears,
 Each Harden'd *Nerve* thou'd have dissolv'd in Tears.
 Eternal Weepings are her Fun'ral Dues;
 If less we Mourn, we *Anna's* Fame abuse.
 Bright Vertue's Queen! the Joy of *Britain's* fled!
 The Tend'rest Mother of her People's Dead;

Who

Too

Who with Refulgent Lustre grac'd the Throne,
 And Rul'd her Subjects Hearts by Love alone :
 Weary'd with State, and Toil'd with Anxious Cares ;
 Exchang'd her Earthly Crown for one of Stars.
 For whose Irreperable Loss below,
 Let Floods of Grief in endless Torrents flow.
 Let Heavy Mists on Fleecy Wings be born,
 And yon Expanse to Drizzling Vapours turn.
 Let Grieving Shrubs with Pearly Dews be hung,
 And Leafy Tears around the Forrest flung.
 Henceforth the Seasons shall Transverted come,
 The Spring, Black Tempests yield, to nipt its Bloom.
 The Dreary Summer vent a Chilling Breeze,
 And Hoary Autumn Crust her Loaded Trees.
 With Calentures the Face of Winter glow,
 While Gaping Plants consume with Thirsty Woe.

Ye Guilty Britton's ! who this Fate brought down,
 Lament your Crimes, and on her Grave bemoan.
 Your Outward Black, but small Contrition makes ;
 Who inward Grieves, the Wond'rous Loss partakes.
 Wou'd you display the Love you bore your *Queen*,
 Like me, let you Immensive Woe be seen ?
 In Wasteful Plaints bewail away your Hours ;
 A Life so dear, demands Incessant Show'rs.
 What Cruel Heart, tho' of the *Scythian* Breed,
 Cou'd see her Dye, and not with Pity bled ?
 Such Heav'nly Gifts, must each Admirer move,
 And Claim your Tears, as they Engross'd your Love.

Fix in your Thoughts, the Blessings we possess,
By Former Conquests, and by Present Peace.
Those Bright Ideas, will in part, sustain
The Matchless Loss of her Unequall'd Reign.

A while her Lamentations ceas'd: And strait her Breast
With strong Convulsions rose, like one possess.
The Helmet, which Adorn'd her Martial Head,
To lean her Arm on, was a Boudier made;
Her Waving Plume that wanton'd in the Air,
Fell to the Ground an Emblem of Despair:
The Shield, that oft had glar'd upon her Foes,
Was turn'd a *Meteor* to Reflect her Woes;
In Broken Fragments lay her Headless Spear,
Her Locks Dishevell'd, and her Bosom bare.
With Lab'ring Pangs her Pulsive Heart was torn;
In Mis'ry Wretched, and Despair forlorn.
Now Burning Sighs, and Ambient Tempests pour'd,
But what her Eyes distill'd, her Checks devour'd:
Thus Hot and Cold her Blended Passions rage;
She's Chill'd with Grief, and parch'd with Loyal Rage.
At length her Warring Foes a Requiem find,
And Gentle Slumbers Sooth'd her Troubl'd Mind.

Then, Fairy Vision with her Mimick Train
Began Vagaries in her Roving Brain.
In Fancy straight, the Dreaded Scene appears;
Again, she undergoes her Frantick Fears.
She sees, her Gasping Mistress pant for Breath,
While smiling Fav'rites hourly Wish'd her Death.

In Close Cabal, the Old Divan were met
 To parcell out the Offices of State.
 And while the Grining Tyrant seiz'd his Prey,
 The Knot stood ready to divide the Sway.
 All this, with Pain, Imagination bore ;
 But that which gaul'd her less, surpriz'd her more :
 A Martial Chief, who long the T — ne inthrall'd,
 Was privately from Banishment recall'd :
 The Shouting Populace huzza'd the Peer,
 But little Thought the C — I was so near.
 The Sword, for Life, was once that Victor's Claim;
 The Hand, that weilds it now, may baulk his Aim.
 Preserve us Heav'n! And be it still our Pray'r
 To Rescue *Britain* from Dictators Care.

She Dreamt of Slanders rais'd by Clam'rous Crys,
 And saw in Embryo bold Resistance rise :
 By Factious Precepts taught ; how Groundlings came
 To plead their Rights, and nose the Royal Dame.
 With Bleeding Heart, beheld advances made
 To Pinnion Pow'r, and Curb the Arm that Sway'd.
 How Spawns of Regicides withstood her Laws,
 And stickl'd to promote *The Good Old Cause*.
 That Friends to Monarchy were threaten'd loud,
 And Libels Publish'd to Amuse the Crow'd.
 She saw the K — — t-Club and J — — to strive,
 By Subtle Arts to keep their Hopes alive:
 Fomenting Feuds, with most Envenom'd Skill,
 To work Distinction up, against its Will.

While

While Loud-Tongu'd Scandal rais'd the Clangor high
 And spread the Dire Infection far and nigh.
 She Secret Councils saw with Piercing View,
 And all the Hidden Practices of *Faction* knew.
 When Plots were hatch'd, and Latent Treasons brew'd;
 Or who, against the State, most Rancour spew'd:
 How some by *Innuendo's*, fix'd a Stain,
 And Hinted Correspondence with *Lorain*.
 That others Strenuous were for *Whiggish* Glory,
 And Drank *Damnation* Toasts to ev'ry *Tory*.
 Who, cou'd of nought discourse, for many hours,
 But Wooden Shoes, and Chains, and Gallick Oars.
 Of Priesthood, freely told some Sawcy Tale,
 To Wound the Church, and at her Vot'ries rail.
 Their daily Cant was how to Thwart the Throne,
 And Circumscribe the Limits of the Crown:
 They talk'd of Liberty, so unconstrain'd,
 As Scepter's to the People's Pow'r were Chain'd.
 " That Kings who rul'd not by their *Subjects Will*
 " Were *Lordly Tyrants*, whom each slave might Kill;
 " And that 'twas just in Propertie's Defence,
 " To take up Arms against their Rightful Prince:
 " For what are Monarchs, who to *Contracts* Swear,
 " But Bondag'd Kings, that Servile Titles wear.
 So Puppet *Cæsars*, for Diversion shown,
 Are mov'd by Wyres, to please the gazing Clown.

She turn'd aside; and soon new Prospects rose;
 The Calm of Peace with Discord overflows.

There Worthless Upstarts, Birth and Blood, decry,
 And Passive Merit seem'd to Wink and Dye.
 Discarded Outcasts, who had lain in wait
 For some Dear Revolution of the State,
 Began to boast themselves Cock-sure of All,
 And grac'd with Doubtful Grief her Funeral.
 The bold *Free-thinkers* who were late displac'd,
 For turning all Religion to a Jest:
 Presum'd to Blaze the Frailties of the Gown,
 Supposing *Government* was all their own.
 In Height of Mirth upon her Mem'ry play'd;
 Provok'd her Living, and Revil'd her Dead.
 Others, at this Glad News, were pleas'd to rave,
 And shed Dissembl'd Tears upon her Grave.
 Some with Malicious Flights complain,
 And teach the World, in Words like these, to feign:
 " *Poor Lady!* her Appointed Time was come!
 "'Twas well she sav'd the State, and hasten'd home."

Anon, she heard Detraction from a far
 Confound the *Peace*, and Bray aloud for *War*.
 The Scarlet Tribe, inur'd to Blood and Spoil,
 Debas'd the Grandeur of their Native Isle.
 In Storms of Curses, reek'd their Boyling Spleen
 Against the *Senate*, *Ministry* and *Queen*;
 Who, they alledg'd, by Secret Leagues with *Spain*,
 Gave up their Trade, and sold to *France* the Main.

The same Envenom'd Fry, let loose their Hate,
 And rail'd against the *Church*, as well as *State*.

With

With great Indignity 'gainst *Hierarchy* engag'd,
 And *War*, with the Creators Mandates, wag'd:
 To wrest the *Holy Law*, was still their Aim;
 No Man had Wit, that cou'd not *That* Blaspheme:
 Dull, Hackney Scribes, the Nufance of the Age,
 Prophan'd with Vile Remarks the Sacred Page:
 No Patron wou'd give Countenance to Lines
 That spar'd Religion, or caress'd *Divines*.
 He that new Creeds, or damn'd Opinions broach'd,
 Was hug'd by *H*———*x*; by *W*———*n* Coach'd.
 Your *Tindals* and your *Tolands* smil'd at Court;
 And Mating Schism, grew the Nobles Sport.
 Loud in the House a Train of Able Peers,
 Harrangu'd against the Bill, with Warbling Airs;
 Some Byass'd Prelates too, in Faction Nurs'd,
 Divided with 'em, and Protested first.

These Fierce Assaults struck in her Bosom Deep,
 And rous'd the Goddess from Oppressive Sleep:
 So fresh, her Gushing Tears and Sighs made way;
 That with her sorrows, she amaz'd the Day:
 As from her Lips these Exclamations broke;
 The Murm'ring Boughs all Trembl'd as she spoke.

O my lost Guardian! let me ever Mourn,
 Heaven's Matchless Vertues, bury'd in thy Urn!
 Great Britains Hope! Religion's sole Defence,
 Is snatch'd by Fates Voracious Talons hence!
 The Gown and Surplice, soon to Cloak must yield,
 And Vanquish'd Miters quit the Spirit'al Field;

Each

Each Grovling Sect will all their Rites invade,
 And strip the Church of Ornaments decay'd.
 The Gifted Layman, from strict Cannons freed,
 Will be inspir'd to Form himself a Creed.
 The Liturgy her lost Responses Mourn,
 And Wide Cathedral Walks, to Changes turn.
 The Christian Records will be Thumb'd and Stain'd;
 By Fools commented, and by Knaves Maintain'd;
 And he, Redemption, with great Ease Command,
 Who best can *Spell, Expound* and *Understand*.
 The Age is so eat up with *Schism* and *Rust*,
 They think, to Polish her, with Iron Dust:
 Brush of the Spots that cloud Religion's Face,
 And grow in Persecution and in Grace.
 To Sanctify an Insurrectionary Storm,
 All must to *Leagues* and *Covenants* Conform;
 With Pious Sighs, in Humming Consort joyn,
 And give to *Directories* the *Faith Divine*;
 Since *ANNA*! who your *Constitution* sav'd,
 Withstood their Pow'rs and all their Onsets brav'd.
 Since she who was your Shield, is now no more;
 Help me ye Sons of sorrow to deplore!
 Let Chanting Choirs, ever with *Dirges* ring,
 And, to the Psalter's Base, like *David*, Sing.
 Like him, in Diapasons Deep, bewail,
 Untill your *Hymns* the Vaulted Roofs assail.

But we have here a Vile degenerate race,
 Above Keen Satyr, and below disgrace,

Who

BRITANNIA'S Tears.

121

Who will to Future Times, their Spleen convey,
And, spite of all the Nations Tears, be gay:
This Fickle *Brood* in Contradictions most delight;
Now show their Teeth, indeed, *but cannot Bite*:
With Pride, they Vaunt it o're Great *ANNA's* Hearse,
Lampoon her Reign, and high Exult in Verse.
Their Canker'd *Breasts*, with utmost Hatred burn,
And dare Rejoyce, when all the *World* does Mourn.

Ye Sons of Infamy, for shame give o're!
Assert your Malecontented Crimes no more.
All know, black Envy has been still your Curse;
But Love and Lenity have made you worse.
Discord's the very Fountain of Extreame;
And *Britons* chuse to wade in Troubl'd Streams:
'Tis now a Question out of all Dispute,
That no one Monarch can their Tempers sute.
Were the Great Regent of the Skies below,
They wou'd at him their base Invectives throw
Long for a Change, and Liberty request;
For 'tis their Talent, ne'er to be at rest:
To boast of an inconstant wav'ring Mind,
And become *Vanes*, to ey'ry breath of Wind.
So Stiff, when Courted; Positive, when Wrong;
Nor Humour, Thought, or Reason hold 'em long.
Starting at Shaddows, when there's nothing near;
Undone by Fancies, and destroy'd by Fear:

Some Salvo's might be found in their Defence,
Were she not Great and Good in e'ery Sense:

Had

Who

Had she not stiff'd in her Tender Heart,
 All that cou'd Passion move or Rage impart?
 And with Superior Conduct, calmly bore
 Contempts, that ne'er were shewn to Crowns before
 The Party's Praise, she might before possess,
 Had she Despis'd 'em more, or giv'n 'em less.

Her *Bounty* blaz'd Inimitably bright,
 But most her Mercy with Auspicious Light;
 So fast it flow'd, with such Indulgence sav'd;
 Offenders were forgiv'n, before they Crav'd:
 And as the Heav'nly Attribute diffus'd around;
 The Poor, as well as Rich, her Goodness found.
 With what Disgrace shall coming Ages read,
 How their Old Syres did so much Worth upbraid?
 Their Softer Natures will dissolve in Tears,
 And Mourn her Death in far Succeeding Years.
 A Shade shall, then, o're some Mens Acts be drawn,
 Which dazl'd here with such Resplendent Dawn:
 While *ANNA*'s Deeds shall Eternize her Name;
 Endear the VVondring Race, and fix her Fame.

She ended here her Plaint; then left the Grove,
 And to th'Etherial Dwellings soar'd above;
 VVhere in her way, to yon Imperial Skies,
 She fill'd the Region round with Moving Sighs.

Condoling *Muse*! resume the wistful Song,
 And with Progressive VVoe the Thread Prolong!

Excite Reluctant Ears to mind thy Tale,
And spread the Dolour through each distant Vale.

See! how the Grove where late *Britannia* wept,
Is on a sudden of it's Verdure stript.

The Metamorphos'd Shade with *Winter's* hung,
And round her Bed, sad *Yew* and *Cyress* sprung.
The naked Trunks with Staring Arms appear,
And nothing seems to Live, but sorrow there;
The Grass to Moss is turn'd; the Clay to stones;
And Eccho Multiplies the Mandrakes Groans:
So sad a Change, was ne'er in Autumn seen,
Till that, which snatch'd away *Britannia's* Queen.

O! She had all the Graces of her Kind!
A Spotless Vertue, and Unblemish'd Mind!
Her Soul and Body, were Divinely Sweet;
Mild in her Temper, in her Actions Great:
Such pleasing Grandeur in each look appear'd,
Her very Frowns, were more Ador'd, than Fear'd.
Religion took up all her Thoughts by Day,
And Holy Visions lur'd her Nights away.
So fond of Bliss, and so Intent on Heav'n;
Hourly Repentance made the Reck'ning even:
And e'ry weighty business of the State,
Must, on her more belov'd Devotion, wait.
With Tender Care, she did her Scepter poise,
Peace was her Aim, but Justice was her Choice:
And if She ever Swerv'd from Mercy's rules,
'Twas to oblige a Herd of Faction's Fools.

VWhen

When I survey the Ruines Death has made,
 And view, Great *ANNA*'s Friends, with Awe dismay'd
 The Church on all sides, harrafs'd with her woes;
 I own, my Muse, has Cause to dread her Foes.
 Yet, spite of all the Ills that may arise,
 She'll stem their Fury with o'erflowing Eyes;
 Undaunted, Vent her Anguish, at a Time.
 When but to whisper Grief, is thought a Crime,
 Or but to mention *ANNA*'s Glorious Reign,
 Implies disgust, and strait provokes disdain.
 That Name, which once gave Musick to each Tongue,
 Was spoke with Rapture, by the Old and Young.
 But now, alas! (so Previous Fates Ordain!)
 Ignobly scorn'd; while Spleen and Envy Reign:
 Alive, it was not safe from their *Infectious Breath*,
 But flew, for Refuge, to the Arms of Death.

This Humble Tribute to thy Mem'ry due,
 My Vulgar Genius dares to offer you:
 Where, cou'd my Verse thy Soul aright design,
 Th'Immortal Picture wou'd appear Divine.
 Take the Feint Piece, imperfect as it is,
 And if thou hast an Interval of Bliss;
 Let some Angellick Hand, there do thee right,
 And set thy Beauties in Transcendent Light;
 Trace ev'ry Feature; with Seraphick Art,
 And give thy Heav'nly Charms their full Desert.
 In Golden Chains, then, let the Pourtraite down,
 To fill with Emulation ev'ry Crown.

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